THE

SIEGE OF CUZCO:

A

TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

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F.R.S. AND A.S.S.

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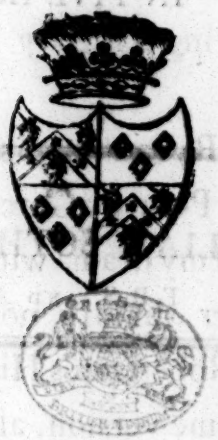

PREFACE.

THE contest between Pizarro and Almagro, for the possession of Cuzco, forms the historical basis, on which the fictitious events of the following Tragedy are grounded.

Sir Paul Rycaut's version of the Commentaries of Peru, by Garcilasso de la Vega, has supplied my drama with several Spanish chiefs, either slightly noticed, or wholly omitted, in Robertson's History of America. From the same version, also, some remarkable incidents have been inserted, from the conviction, that the intermixture of recorded facts tends to augment the interest of works of imagination. The Peruvian personages are fictitious: but in that of their chief,

Zamorin, I have endeavoured to exemplify my conception of the peculiar character of their Incas.

In some of the unimpassioned parts of the Tragedy, the style of our early dramatists has been slightly imitated.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PERUVIANS.

MEN.

Villoma, an Inca, High Priest of the Sun.
Zamorin, an Inca, Leader of the Peruvian Army, Hostage with the Spaniards.
Gulaxa, a Peruvian Chief, pretending to the Crown of Cuzco; supported by Pizarro.
Orcas, Arcal, Rimac, Ina, Conspirators, attached to Gulaxa.

Soldiers, Priests, &c.

WOMAN.

Zama, a Coya, Daughter of the Sun, Child of Villoma, and Wife of Zamorin.

SPANIARDS—Of Pizarro's Party.

Don Francisco Pizarro.
Don Juan Pizarro, his Brother.
Don Alonzo de Alvarados, an old brave Spanish Leader.
Don Sebastian de Benalcazar, his Friend, ditto.
Don Diego de Almagro, Son to Pizarro's Rival, a young, fiery, honourable Knight.

SPANIARDS—Of Almagro's Party.

Pedro de Lerma, a discontented Chief.
Pedro de Candia, a Greek; artful and interested.
Juan de Herrada.
Roderigo de Orgognez.
Garcias, Herald of Almagro.

Scene—The Fortress of Cuzco, founded on a Rock, crowned by the Temple of the Sun. At its Base, Pizarro's Camp, and Part of Cuzco, in Ruins.
Time—that of the Representation.

THE

SIEGE OF CUZCO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Square in the Fortress of Cuzco.

Arcal and Rimac.

Arcal.

YET hear me, Rimac:
Soon as the day-star rose, Villoma left
In haste the shrine:
And ere my watch had ceased, he bad the guard
Bring forth the imprisoned Spaniard. Wait their steps.
Here they must pass ere long.

Rim. So rash a deed!
Had not I seen him, ere his followers join'd,
Vault o'er the outward moat, and with bold grasp,
From rock to rock, climb up the craggy fort,
And singly battle; the loud voice of rumour
Had not found light belief.

Arc. From Ina learn
What urged that frantic enterprise: he held
The night-watch o'er him.

Rim. Arcal, much I fear,
Gulaxa doubts our faith. All, all was fixt,
And bloodless victory ere long had crown'd him.
Our plot was well concerted. Day by day,
Prest by sore famine, and increasing woes,
New numbers join'd our cause. The public will
Concurr'd, and fortune favor'd. Since Zamorin,
Touch'd by the common misery, left these walls,
A voluntary hostage; and Pizarro,
Regardless of the terms, once more cut off
The scant supply; despair and swift revolt
Has spread from breast to breast. Thus all conspired
To aid what wisdom plann'd. Gulaxa doubts us,

Or why assail the fort, and trust his hopes
To war's uncertain issue?

Arc. He concurr'd not.
The deed betrays its author. This rash Spaniard,
In fire, and insolence of youthful blood,
Rush'd to the vain assault. Gulaxa knows
The strength of this proud fort, where man, in league
With nature's work, height above height has piled
A mountain structure, from the unhewn quarry
Drag'd by a nation's labour. Well he knows
That war's gigantic arm is powerless,
As the faint effort of a feeble infant
To shake this mass.

Rim. Gulaxa scorns our aid.

Arc. On us he rests. Cuzco shall bend beneath him.
High o'er the chiefs he tow'rs, whose wars have bathed
Peru in her own blood. Pizarro crowns him.
Who can resist that chief? From realm to realm
He sped, and all obey'd. Our heav'n-born kings
Fell at his wrath. Alone an infant left;
To court whose fickle smile, sceptres and crowns

Are toys of the moment. Lo! our countless host,
Whose banner'd rainbows proudly waved, and robed
Grim war with floating radiance, in our sight,
Shrink from a band of Spaniards. On this rock,
Peru shall throne Gulaxa.

Rim. All was fixt:
This was the appointed day; Gulaxa named it.
Ere night we had resign'd the fort, and shared
Ambition's high-raised honours—
(A loud shout is heard.) Whence that shout?

Arc. Haply they lead, amid the clamorous crowd,
The imprison'd Spaniard.

Rim. Haste, inquire the cause:
Here will I wait. *(Arcal goes.)*
So hazardous a deed!
Of issue so uncertain. That had time
Slowly matured, and wary foresight plann'd
Each quality and circumstance most fitted
To gain success, a turn had marr'd the whole.
But unprepared, and left for wayward chance
(Ina crosses the stage.)
To fashion at the moment.—Ina—there—
He sees me not.—Why this impatient speed?

Ina. Well met. I vainly sought thee 'mid
the crowd;
Whence, but for this stout mace, not lightly ply'd,
I ne'er had disengaged me,—such the press,
Pouring from ev'ry side. Now mark me, Rimac;
Know that our deep-laid project——

Rim. On, good Ina.

Ina. Is not abandon'd yet.

Rim. Not hopeless! Ina!
Oh! I have ever held thee dear. Confide it,
Confide it to me quickly. Have you proof on't?
The signals were your charge: but yester eve
You gave no heedful warning.

Ina. I observed none.
But ere the dawn, this day, at the 'custom'd time,
When thick mists swept around the mountain's
base,
And all was still as night:
Nought stirring but the due-returning step
Of the lone centinel, pacing his round:
A fire ball from the Spanish camp beneath,
Flash'd forth: a second from the southern mound
Crost it in air. That was the appointed signal:
At noon expect Gulaxa.

(Young Almagro, Orcas, Arcal, Peruvians, enter.)

Orcas. Drive, drive them back.

1 *Per.* Think of Peru's slain race.

2 *Per.* Give me my son.

Alm. Indians, I never wrong'd you.

3 *Per.* I had a father, and you rack'd his limbs
To sport your children; and your blood-hounds lapt
The life-stream as it spouted from his wounds.

Alm. (to Orcas.) To you I owe my life;
You snatch'd me from the torrent, where I sunk,
With your brave guard, who grasp'd me as I rush'd,
And with me plunged in the flood.

Orc. I drew you forth.

Alm. If thou would'st have my thanks for life so saved,
Keep back these wretched men. They vex my soul.

Orc. Guard, drive them back.

1 *Per.* Pledged o'er their groans, fell Spaniard!
Your goblets foam'd, and the feast shook with laughter,
In mockery of their wounds. And when they sunk

Exhausted, ye aroused them to new life
By pangs unknown before.

Alm. Not I, not I! *(to Orcas.)*
Your sufferings pierce my soul, If thou art man,
And hast the feelings of our common nature,
Oh, still their cries!

Orc. Help, Arcal! Rimac, help me!
Guards! force them from the square—*(the guards force them away.)* Nay: wonder not;
They ne'er, till now, have seen within these walls,
A Spanish chief, their captive.—Rest a while:
Breathe freely, youth.

Alm. But now you whisper'd me,
Haply to sooth my woe,—you were my friend,
Pizarro's friend—

Orc. Nor I alone. Lo! these,
All vow'd associates in one common cause,
Bound to Gulaxa, whom Pizarro's pow'r
Exalts to Cuzco's throne.

Alm. This clears the whole.
Lead, lead me to Villoma.

Ina. Dread him not,
Ere long thy presence shall console the host
That now deplore thee dead.

Rim. What urged thee hither?
What forced thee on a desperate deed, whose end
Was sure destruction?

Alm. The wing'd pulse of youth.
We Spaniards ever rush where danger beckons:
Your wars to us are pastime. Lead me on.

Ina. Now to your posts. I go to watch the camp.
And if no signal other change denote,
At noon, beneath the cavern's sheltering gloom,
In arms, attend Gulaxa.

Orc. Yet, yet hear me;
We shall not meet again, till the hazardous hour
That summons us to action. On your souls!
I charge ye, on your souls! remember, friends!
The oath ye sware. Let no rash hand assail
Villoma's life. Spare the Sun's Priest! revere
His hoary head!

Ina. We are not men of blood.
I would not willingly do that man harm.

Arc. To him I bear no malice: he has ever
Demean'd himself most gently.

Orc. By yon Sun!
I do conjure you, to my pray'r attend.

The capture of this chieftain has aroused,
Yourselves have witness'd it, from deep despair,
Our long-enduring race. And much I fear
Ere we resign the fortress, blood will flow.
Spare, spare Villoma's life!

Rim. (departing.) If he resist not.
At noon we meet.

[*Conspirators depart.*

Ina. Farewell!

Orc. They hear me not—
This, to refuse me this!—but one grey head,
Bow'd by the stroke of time. Inhuman men!

Alm. Conduct me to Villoma.

Orc. Never, never.
I will not front the man whom I have wrong'd.
I dare not go.

Alm. Remorseful horror shakes him.
Peruvian, mark me.

Orc. There, behold his palace:
The unpolluted temple of the sun.
I will not enter it.

Alm. You saved my life,
I will redeem thy soul.

Orc. (exclaiming.) Heav'n heard their oath.

Alm. Thou shalt know peace again.

Orc. Oh! never, never.

Alm. Haste to Villoma—at his feet pour forth
What weighs upon thy heart.

Orc. Art thou a Spaniard?

Alm. Spaniards are men, and man is virtue's heir.
Come forth.

Orc. He ne'er can pardon me—

Alm. Then die.
Live free from guilt, or deem thy death a blessing.

Orc. Lead, lead my trembling steps—good Spaniard! guide me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to a Court before the Temple of the Sun, an Altar before the Gates of the Temple.

Villoma. God of my fathers! hear me.
Thou! throned in flame. Thou! at whose dawn, the world,
Thy visible creation, spread beneath thee,
Bursts to new life and lustre;
And all that breathe, look up, and bless thy beams.

Hear the deep anguish of a soul, that rests
On thee alone. Not now, my voice, oh Sun!
Calls down, as once in happier years, thy ray,
Pure source of being! thro' the womb of earth
To stream fertility. No more thy priest,
Fresh gathering from the spring's free tribute, lays
The prime of the year, of herb, and fruit, and flow'r,
Nature's sweet offering, on thy bloodless shrine.
Far other gifts I bring. Lo! stain'd with gore
Receive these spoils, that, wet with tears, I hang
Upon thy golden gates:
The lance, the helm, and buckler. And I call
On thee, once god of peace, to steel thy sons
With dauntless fortitude. To this, thy seat,
Let the deliverer, glorying in thy might,
Return: and on thy heav'n-born child, sole heir
Of slain Huascar, here in triumph fix
The crown that graced his sires on Cuzco's throne!

(Zama enters.)

Zama. My sire!

Vill. My Zama!
Oh may the blessing of a father's voice
Console thy woes!

Zama. Yet lives my husband?—Say—

Deceive me not. I think I could endure
From thee to hear his doom. Let none less loved
Say to thy child, " Zamorin rests in death."

Vill. How shall I answer thee?

Zama. Oh speak—

Vill. His doom
Is yet unknown. Day after day, in vain
I claim the hostage.

Zama. The fixt time is past,
The stated terms fulfill'd. Zamorin's flag,
Raised on this holy mount, wide streams o'er earth
To league Peru in arms. Lo! ere the day
By fierce Pizarro markt for Cuzco's shame,
Led on by freedom, in their king's defence,
A nation dares the invade.
Roused at the sight, my soul a while springs loose
From woe: and other tears than those of grief
Stream on my glowing cheek. Yet, brave Zamorin,
At whose return, heav'n on their chieftain's brow
Had pour'd a nation's blessing, he alone
Pines in base chains, or lies an untomb'd corse
For scorn to point at.

Vill. Calm thy troubled spirit.

Zama. Hear me, my sire, nor fondly feign a hope
No longer felt. If thou would'st sooth my woe,
O grant my only pray'r.

Vill. Speak, and obtain it.

Zama. Let me go forth, and learn Zamorin's fate:
Let me console his grief, or share his doom.

Vill. Say, would'st thou leave these consecrated walls,
That, like heav'n's holy circle, guard thee round;
To rush amid the riot, and flush'd camp
Of yon fell spoilers?

Zama. To Zamorin's arms
I haste, to sooth his woe, or perish with him.

Vill. Urge not a vain request.

Zama. Must then Zamorin,
Who went the public hostage, who relieved
The public woe:
When famish'd wretches dropping to their graves
Knelt to the foe for bread: or on the rock,
Where they had watch'd the day for vain relief,
Fell, as the sun, that dawn'd upon their sorrow,

Sunk from their hopeless gaze. Shall that man perish
Unhonour'd? No friend near: none, none on earth,
On whose responsive look his eye may dwell,
And while it swims around in death's cold mists,
Catch, ere it close for ever, the last solace
Of one fond tear?

Vill. You pierce my soul—

Zama. My father!
By that loved name! if I have honour'd thee
Like one scarce earthly!
Oh by the memory of her who bore me,
Whose image, ne'er forgotten, lives in Zama;
Whose voice, ne'er heard in vain, speaks in thy heart,
While her loved daughter pleads——

Vill. Spare me, my child!
Or, this decisive day relieves our woe:
Or thou, whose little hand was lockt in mine
When I did guide and train thy tott'ring foot;
Thou, thou sole prop and solace of my age,
Now, when affliction pours forth all her storms,
Shalt leave me to the tossings of the blast;

Like a lone wretch who ne'er had bow'd his neck
To a fond infant's clasping.

Zama. Never, never.

Alm. (ere he enters.) Nay, enter in.

Orc. (ere he enters.) I dread that holy spot.

(They enter.)

Alm. Advance. By penitence absolve thy guilt.

Vill. What may this mean?

Orc. Villoma, here I bring
At thy command this Spaniard, thy vow'd foe;
And with him one, who in the specious guise
Of friendship and fair loyalty——

Vill. Speak, Orcas——

Orc. Has leagued with traitors to admit at noon
Gulaxa in this fort.

Vill. That fell usurper!
Within these sacred walls! Ungrateful men!
Ye were my children, all: and, as a father,
I felt for your distress.

Zama. (to Orcas.) The toils ye bore,
Famine, and restless watching, and long labour,
More his example than his will enforced.

For you he drew from the sun's golden stores
The portion of the God.

Orc. Oh, he has been
More than a parent to us.

Zama. He ne'er waited
Till misery call'd, but sought its lonely haunts;
There none beheld him, but the hopeless widow,
That ceased from tears when he came; and the orphan child,
Who knew but him on earth, and at his presence,
Lisp'd the new name of father.

Alm. Oh Spain! are these barbarians!

Orc. Yet hear me, while my voice has pow'r to breathe
What racks me in the utterance. We are pledged,
Whene'er Gulaxa summons, to unbar
This sacred fortress to Pizarro's host.
And sire—if thou resist—thou, holy man!
They will not spare thy life.

Vill. Heav'n's will be done,
I dread not death: nor, till Zamorin bids,
Will yield the fort.

Zama. He never will consent.

Orc. Decree my doom——
I dare not sue for mercy—
Vill. I behold thee
By deep repentance bow'd to earth: arise,
Arise new born to virtue.
Haste, at the gates place chiefs of firmest proof.
Bid them admit Gulaxa. I will meet him.
Tho' long adversity has bow'd the sons
Of Cuzco; tho' consuming famine slackt
Their pithless joints; yet in these walls are men
Who never will pay homage to a brow
By Spaniards diadem'd. Here yet are those
Who, in their heav'n-born monarch's righteous cause,
Will in the dregs of age arouse their nature,
And task their limbs, fill'd with new life, to act
Their high intentions: and these deem it virtue
To die in his defence.
Orc. Be such my death! [*Exit.*
Alm. They told me, that Peruvians were at best
Men but in shape; in soul of brutal nature.
We Spaniards know you not.
Vill. And who art thou
From whose astonish'd soul the voice of praise

Sounds like reproof? Say, why hast thou assail'd
Basely this fortress, while thy perjured chief
Detains our hostage?

Alm. Bid Pizarro answer.
This recks not me. I broke no sacred truce.

Vill. Your vows ye break at will: our word
was sacred.
This fort, its golden stores, and countless gems,
Offerings from kings thro' ages to their God,
All, all were yours. Such were the terms imposed,
And famine forced assent. The day was fixt:
Heaven sent unlook'd-for aid. Ye little deem'd,
That from her ice-crown'd heights, and caves
of the rock,
Which hid our routed host, Peru once more
Had rallied. And ye reckt not; for ye held
Zamorin at your will; whose ransom'd head
Ye knew would purchase victory. What now
lured you,
What but leagued treason, to assail these rocks
In frantic insolence?

Alm. The lance I aim'd
Was met by valiant men. No traitor's arm
Curb'd me in mid career.

Vill. Presumptuous youth!
Here dwells a visible God: this roof is holy.
Declare the truth, nor let deceitful words
Draw righteous vengeance down.

Alm. Cease thy vain threats!
I speak not at command.

Vill. Proud man!

Zama. My father,
He looks like one whom gentleness may gain,
More than harsh force compel. I pray thee, stranger,
Aught know'st thou of Zamorin?

Alm. He yet lives,
So rumour speaks; but by Pizarro held
In bonds.

Zama. A hostage! and in bonds!
Inhuman men!

Alm. All are not such, fair lady!

Vill. Who art thou? and what urged thy rash assault?

Alm. Glory. Had conquest crown'd me, Spain had rank'd
Mine with proud names, whose mention fires the soul,

Columbus, Cortez, and far-famed Pizarro.
Fair dames of proud Castille at solemn jousts
Had wing'd their knights to victory, with the praise
Of young Almagro:—and, if here I fall,
I have not shamed my sire.

Vill. Almagro's son!
Whose army fronts our warriors, while Pizarro
Encamps beneath these walls!

Alm. Brief let me be.
Scarce had I landed on this coast (few days
Now past) with men, and steeds, and warlike stores
Trebling Pizarro's battle; when my sire
Sent me to greet that chief. My train more fit
For embassy than war:
Heralds, and poursuivants; few knights in arms.
Fair my proposal. Instantly to join
Their forces, and disperse your numerous host.
That done:—if still Pizarro dared disown
The signet that I bore, the emperor's grant
Of Cuzco to my sire, then fierce defiance.
I came. Pizarro heard, and taunting bad me
Fix on your rocks my flag; there crown my sire:
And with bold impress charge my maiden shield,
Yet bloodless, and but prickt with tilting points.

He spoke, and smiled in scorn. My blood boil'd in me.
At once I sallied forth: few followers join'd.
I am your prisoner now, and wait my doom.

Vill. Thy life, rash youth! shall answer for Zamorin.

Alm. Oh, rather than consent to my release,
Pizarro, in thy sight, beneath these walls,
Would stab the hostage. Yet, if death's my doom,
I ask but this: ye are no barbarous race.
Send back my corse, and these, *(pointing to his armour,)* a father's gift,
To old Almagro. It will sooth the warrior
To hang them o'er my tomb. And let your herald
Say, how I fought, how died.

Vill. I am no murderer.

Zama. Hear me, my father.
I fain would sue to thee! yet—

Vill. Speak. Strange doubts
Perplex me.

Zama. Whence it is, I rightly know not,
Yet much this Spaniard moves me.
Rash were his words; yet, while he spoke, methought,

Truth struck upon the heart. Oh let me sue
For mercy. Such as he, in prime of life,
Zamorin; and each tear that falls for him
Pleads for this captive youth. And haply too
While on his doom we pause, and calmly weigh
What caution dictates, in his native land
One, sad as Zama, at the thought of war,
Presses a bleeding heart, and mourns as dead
Him yet alive.

Vill. Zama, pronounce his doom.

Zama. Give him his freedom. To Pizarro go,
Say how Peruvian conquerors treat their captives:
So bid him treat his hostage.

Alm. I will force him,
Fair dame! to free thy lord, or I no more
Will woo renown in arms; nor wield a lance
Where love and glory point the warrior's course.
Expect thy lord. My life for his is pledged.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Pizarro's Camp beneath the Fort.—Part of Cuzco in Ruins.

Pizarro. Guards. Soldiers.

Piz. Guard! force him from the spot.

Sol. (struggling with the Guard) Aid, aid me, comrades!

(To Pizarro) Is this thy promised largess? brave Almagro
Had not thus shamed a soldier.

Piz. Mark me, fellow:
Had not I oft beheld thee bold in fight;
Proved thee in danger of Castilian blood;
Death had repress thy daring. Hence!

Sol. (interfering.) Forgive him,
He has long served thee.

Piz. Not the brawling camp,

No, nor unpeopled wastes, or passing winds,
Should note such ravings. Know, Pizarro's sword
Here slumbers not. Hence to your several stations.
Your duty is obedience; mine, command.
Away!—*(they go, murmuring.)* By St. Iago! it were well,
If thus a word, thunder'd with lofty tone,
Would cool their fiery spirits. Men like these,
Bound, like chain'd slaves that strain at the unpaid oar,
To the dull circle of a slothful siege,
Will break the yoke that galls them. Till these rocks
Barr'd our free progress, our unquestion'd course
Has swept o'er earth, from realm to conquer'd realm;
Following from the east, on victory's eagle wing,
The sun, that like a harbinger before us,
Lights our long march of glory. *(Juan enters.)*
Brother—Juan,—
Hast thou succeeded?—But another day!
And on that captive fort, our host shall grasp
Wealth boundless as their wish.

Juan. Some I have fixt;
Leaders of note: others, Almagro's gold,
Heapt from far Chili, and rich realms between,
Has bribed to quit thy standard.

Piz. I had hope
That he had perish'd in that mad attempt!
Or, as he scaled the mountains, rock on rock,
Where throned on Andes' crest, proud winter eyes
The sun's prone beam, and casts o'er half the world
His icy fetters. Or, as back he stray'd
O'er midland wastes unfreshen'd by a rill;
Where thirst in raving death lickt up the dust
With tongue of fire, while towering on, the sand
In mountain columns moved before the blast.

Juan. Your force is much diminished—sixty horsemen:
Of pikes, and cross-bows, full an hundred gone.
Had not the flood, in which we saw him plunged,
Closed o'er Almagro; and yon beck'ning signal,
That sweeps the rocks, confirm'd Gulaxa's word,
Despair had bow'd my soul.

Piz. Some chiefs, you said,
Have left us—

Juan. Men of no inferior note.
Francis de Chaves, and Haro.

Piz. What! Fernandez!

Juan. The same. When I reproach'd them
for their baseness,
They did retort on thee. Thou wert the cause;
Whose pride disdain'd to ratify the terms
That freed them from their bonds.

Piz. Yes. I remember,
Insolent men! when back they came in triumph,
Like conquerors, not captives: gaily deckt
With gold and emeralds, which the silly natives
Shower'd on the chiefs, whose coward conscience
deem'd it
Murder to slay Ataliba.—In sooth!
What! would they force us who are free, to heed
Their oaths, wrung from them where no day-light
peep'd
Thro' their rock-roof!—Prisoners, in dread of death,
Are men of mighty promise.

Juan. Soto's gone.

Piz. That, that strikes deep. I would that he
had stay'd!
He join'd my fortune at its lowest ebb;

And bravely struggled till the swell of the tide
Bore us to conquest. Would that he had stay'd!

Juan. Pedro de Lerma too.

Piz. What! dark-brow'd Lerma!
Almagro's golden ingots outweigh mine.

Juan. No. His stern spirit broods o'er fancied wrongs.
He has not smiled since Cassamarca's fight.
I left him buckling on his greaves. Behold him,
This way he marches.

(Lerma and his men enter.)

Piz. Lerma! at this hour,
Why cased in steel, with these thy valiant men?
No trumpet summon'd you to arms.

Ler. Pizarro!
I march to join Almagro. Some have fled
Like men guilt-shamed, as if they fear'd thy frown.
I come, as chief meets chief, as foe fronts foe,
To say that thou hast wrong'd me.

Piz. No, brave warrior.

Ler. How! you remember not? The injurer
Can smile on whom he wrong'd, and calmly tender
His hand in pledge of friendship! Say, Pizarro,
Hast thou forgot the memorable day,

When, swoln by autumn floods, the Apurimac
Barr'd our pursuit? Hast thou forgot the day,
When on its craggy precipice your host
Stood awe-struck at the tide, that seem'd, as it swept
The red soil down,
A stream blood-stain'd, and ominous of woe?

Piz. 'Tis fresh in my remembrance.

Ler. When all shrunk
Heartless, and nought was heard in the pause of the gust
But the flood's ceaseless roar, who foremost rush'd,
And like the visible spirit of the storm,
Down the strange bridge that sloped its arch to the wave,
Spurr'd his resisting courser?

Piz. All beheld thee
Boldly careering on the pendulous bridge,
Which, o'er the torrent, wreathed from rock to rock,
Shook its light net-work waving with each wind.
Lerma first cross'd it.

Ler. You remember that?
Then, when the Indians ambush'd 'mid the cliffs,

Fell on our struggling rear, you bad Henriquez
Charge with the lances—Was not that my post?

Piz. I saw thee not.

Ler. The routed Indians saw me,
Who hemm'd Alvarez round, thrown from his steed,
Amid the slippery crags. I rescued him;
And heard at my return, Henriquez' name
Echoed from rank to rank.

Piz. Long time has past;
I had forgotten it; and since, thy merits
Have not been unrewarded.

Ler. Years on years
Heal not the wound, where injured honour bled,
Once felt, and ne'er forgotten. Here, Pizarro,
Take back thy bribes. There's poison in the gift
When the soul hates the giver. So, farewell.
You know this raven plume, that oft in fight
Has waved your troops to victory. Pizarro!
Avoid it, and beware of Lerma wrong'd. *(going.)*

Piz. Farewell, stern Lerma, nor forget this blade
When it unplumes thy helm. [*Exit Lerma.*

Juan. Gulaxa comes.

Piz. He knows my will, and seeks, ere he depart,
Once more to move Zamorin. Vain my pow'r.
Tho' mild that chieftain, in his mildness breathes
A soul that fears not danger. Bold in battle,
Yet pitiful as pale-eyed girls, that swoon
At sight of wounds. And in his air and form,
Action, and voice, and ev'ry step as he treads,
Reigns simple grandeur. That man, Juan, bears
The stamp and impress of the mind that awes us
When nature forms the hero. Had Zamorin
Or sued, or fear'd me, all had own'd our sway.
But sooner bow'd on its eternal base
Would Andes at my bidding rock before me,
Than his calm spirit yield.

(Gulaxa enters.)

Gul. Say, brave Pizarro,
Art thou prepared to lead thy troops in arms
When I advance the signal?

Piz. Yes. Go forth;
Waste not the time in words. Haste, Juan, lead
The Inca hither. If he scorn Gulaxa,
My chiefs in council shall decide his doom.

[*Exeunt Pizarro and Juan.*

Gul. Pass some few days, I reign on Cuzco's throne,
Pizarro's promised gift: and pomp and pow'r
Shall blaze around me. Oh! were all within
Such as we feign it! and that robes of state,
The trappings of the monarch, could conceal
Man from himself; and inly spread the veil
To that invisible eye, that will not close,
When conscience, in the records of the heart,
Glares on unwitness'd guilt.

(Enter Juan and Zamorin.)

Juan. (to Zamorin) 'Tis no vain threat.
His chiefs shall fix thy doom: — behold thy king.
Obey his will.

Zam. Are crowns the heritage
Of those who slay the monarch?

Juan. Lo! that wreath.
At sight of it Peru adores her king.

Zam. It binds his brow in sign of sovereignty.

Juan. Pizarro crowns him; and thou, haughty Inca!
Shalt bow before him.

Zam. Ye are strangers to us.

'Tis not the scepter'd hand, and diadem'd brow
That awe our souls.
Peru reveres her father in her king:
Our homage is the homage of the heart.

Gul. Zamorin!
Tho' nor the boundless promise, nor loud threat,
Motives that sway the common soul, avail
To bend thy will, yet I will urge such claims,
That thou shalt aid me.

Zam. First, from off thy brow,
Usurper! pluck that wreath, reft from Huascar,
When thy fell hand thrice smote him.
'Tis spotted with his blood.

Gul. Not mine the guilt:
He perish'd by Ataliba's command.
Peru beheld the beacons, as they flash'd
At midnight thro' the gloom. When tow'r to tow'r
Shot o'er far tracts with meteor speed, the signal
That mark'd his doom.

Zam. The minister of guilt
Is with the author yoked. Fiends waved the torch,
While thou didst slay thy king. I pray thee, Spaniard,
Conduct me to your chiefs.

Juan. First answer him.

Gul. If, in some horrid vision of the night,
The messenger of death appear'd before thee,
And thus exclaim'd, " The bow is in my grasp,
" Fixt on the cord the inevitable shaft
" Levell'd at Zama's life. Speak, and at once
" Turn the wing'd point aside." Would not thy word
Arrest it ere it sped?

Zam. Unfold thy meaning.

Gul. The fort obeys my signal. To yon walls
I haste, 'mid firm-leagued chiefs, to fix the time,
When great Pizarro on my brow shall bind
The crown of Cuzco. They whom I condemn
Shall surely die.

Zam. I pity whom thou spar'st.

Gul. There are within that fort who yet resist;
Alone thy influence sways them: bid them yield.
Enough of blood has stream'd. Forewarn'd, prevent
The unsparing massacre of civil war.
Now, fix thy choice.

Zam. In patience I have heard thee:
And I will calmly teach my tongue, to frame

Fit answer. Thou hast said, (how true I know not,)
That in yon fort are chiefs, Peruvian born,
Leagued with Peru's fell spoilers: leagued to crown
Thee, from whose foot-stool, when thou mount'st the throne,
Treason and slaughter shall arise, and cry
" Hail, king! we sceptred thee"—others there are
Men of exalted soul, from these estranged;
Sever'd by bounds impassable, that part
Virtue and vice: and thou cans't coolly say
" Choose,"—as if choice were mine; and coolly bid me
Break down the barriers which the Eternal fixt,
Ere the world was; which shall not suffer change,
When earth and all its myriads pass away.
How shall I answer this?

Gul. Consent, or doom
Thy race to death.

Zam. Yes, I will answer thee.
What time Pizarro saw yon spacious plain
Throng'd with new armies, awe-struck at the sight,
He summon'd me, his hostage.

Juan. Heed him not,

Gulaxa, these rash words claim no regard.

Zam. Thou, thou wert present—thus Pizarro spoke,

" Thy bold defence has raised Peru in arms.

" Go, bid yon fortress yield, and reign at Cuzco."

Nay, he would yet repeat the offer. Spaniard,

Are these vain words?

Juan. Dost thou consent, brave chief?

Pizarro knows thy worth.

Gul. Pizarro's faith

Is fixt on me.

Zam. Virtue alone is fixt.

Gul. Wilt thou then league with him?

Where then the bounds, the impassable bounds that part

Virtue and vice?

Zam. In the pure and upright heart.

Pass but one step that way which leads to the throne,

And thou art lost for ever.

Gul. Yet, yet hear me.

They will resist. I do not wish their death.

Think that thou view'st Villoma prone on earth,

His grey hairs stain'd with gore. Thy dagger slays him.

Think on thy Zama when mad war unchains
His triple fiends, and rapine, death, and lust
Riot unsated.

Zam. Thou that hear'st, Oh Sun!
Thou, that hear'st this, and from thy throne of fire
Hurl'dst not in fury, as the tempter spoke,
Thy lightning down: not, not on thee I call:
Hold on, as thou art wont, thy course in heav'n!
But thou unseen! who for thy high designs
Unsearchable:
Thy dreadful ministers of vengeance arm'st,
Tempest, and spotted plague, and flame-wing'd bolts:
And now, in visitation of thy wrath,
Hast sent, more fell than tempest, plague, and fire,
From other worlds, the outcast of mankind,
To waste this realm. To thee, Unknown! I call;
And join my voice to that, which, mute to man,
Pleads audibly in heav'n: and, in each drop
Of innocent blood, spilt upon earth, calls down

Dire retribution on the murderer's brow.
Thou hast my answer. Lead me to thy chiefs.

[*Exeunt all.*

Alvarados, Benalcazar, Pedro de Candia, Spanish Soldiers, &c. enter.

Alv. I grant our loss is heavy.

Ben. Soto, Chaves,
And Haro, and stern Lerma. Chiefs of proof:
Men of wise voice in council; and whose arm
Chain'd victory to their standard.

Alv. They are gone:
And we have cause for grief, none for despair;
If we, who yet remain, view'd not each other,
With that cold eye of timorous distrust
That ill befits a soldier. Yet, methinks,
Each, while he folds a comrade to his breast,
Fears that he clasps a foe.

Ben. Nor without cause.
The chieftains uncontroul'd, each at his will,
Move: and as fear and hope suspend the balance,
Still watch with eager eye the turn of the beam,
To strike the bargain. Various motives urge them.

Some, tempted by Almagro's promised gifts,
Haste, lest the exhausted mine should lack its gold,
Ere they have proved its value. Some extol
His courtesy, and breeding to his host:
Mouth honour, that doth mostly sway the soldier
Fired by fair words: and others, glossing o'er
Their avarice and ambition, with pretence
Of justice, gravely descant on his title:
And his, in their good judgment, far outweighs
Pizarro's claims.

Alv. Let others judge his claims.
I on his sword did lay a soldier's hand
In pledge of faith, ere victory blazing round him
Had lured the fickle noon-swarm. The bright sun
Allured not me; nor shall the storm appal.
Pizarro's cause is mine.

Ben. Brave Alvarados!
And may this arm, whose sinews ne'er have fail'd,
Wither in battle, when I turn my lance
Against his helm. Were all like thee, brave warrior!

Almagro's vaunting force had fled before us!
Look on yon chief. *(Pointing to P. de Candia among the Soldiers in the back ground.)*

Alv. Pedro de Candia!

Ben. Aye,
That artful Greek. His bulky limbs encase
A slavish soul.

Alv. No coward he.

Ben. No, truly.
I grant his lance is ponderous, and his arm
Big-boned, and braced to brandish it at will.
A skilful forgeman too: one that can turn
The sparkling mass, and shape it, ere it cool,
To ward or wound.

Alv. Say, what of him?

Ben. But now
I overheard him, in set phrase, more like
A peel'd monk, than a man with iron scalp,
Haranguing, 'mid a crowd that gaped around him
On slain Ataliba. And he so limn'd him
With out-strain'd eye, dark cheek, and drops on his brow;
That they who calmly bound him to the stake
Turn'd pale at the picture.

Alv. Pedro de Candia. Pedro.

Can. I hear thee.

Alv. Wherefore dost thou linger here,
If, or you hold us foes, or hate our chief?
All are not base who leave us.

Can. I will tell thee.
Ours is the better cause.

Alv. No: not if numbers
Ensure the victory.

Can. You understand not.
If young Almagro had not sunk in the flood,
While ye stood tamely gazing—pray you pardon me:
It seems to move you. Had not death's cold shade
Obscur'd his youthful spirit's mounting fires;
I had not here been found. That light eclipsed,
Pizarro rules the ascendant.

Alv. Plainly speak.

Can. Dull chief! Pizarro's master soul at will
Inclines Almagro. Have you then forgotten
When these bold rivals ranged on Cuzco's plain
Their hostile armies?
Almagro's battle far outnumber'd his.

But when they came to parley, this Pizarro
With untaught eloquence, whose every word
Seem'd wing'd with flame, and with commanding eye
That, proudly conscious of its mastery, flash'd
Pre-eminence of soul, so awed Almagro;
That, in the sight of all, he shook before him,
Like a frail earthly being, at the call
Of supernatural pow'r.

(Messenger enters.)

Messenger. Brave chiefs! Pizarro
Waits you in council.

Alv. We obey his summons.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Pizarro's Tent. Pizarro at Council, Alvarados, Benalcazar, Pedro de Candia, and other Spanish Chiefs.

Piz. Let none despair. Time was, fame-honour'd chiefs!
When by pale fear, and woe, and want encircled,
On a lone island, near this coast, I drew
Thus, with my sword, a line. "Behold," I said,
"On this side danger and immortal glory:
"There, safety and dishonour."—Blush, Castille!
All, all but thirteen warriors left Pizarro.
There the heav'n-destined conquerors of Peru
Lay hid. Month after month, our only food,
Roots, berries of the cliff; whatever crawl'd
O'er earth, loathsome to touch; lizards and snakes

That slimed our haunts, and twined their green
folds round us:
And sea-things borne on the white swell of the tide
That surged our storm-beat cavern. So we lived,
And glory knew us not. But when our foot
Once trod upon this coast, our second step
Was on the neck of monarchs.

Alva. Lead us forth.
Victory or death.

Piz. Brave chiefs! I stand not here
As some proud lord 'mid hireling slaves, that dread
The frown of a menacing brow: nor meet ye here,
Mere instruments of war, blindly to work
Where reason gives no warrant. The firm tye
That man to man connects, in courts or camps,
Soldier or citizen, is confidence:
When each, fit judge of that which he supports,
Says, "Justice bids it." Friends! be that the bond
Which rivets us.

Benal. We do not doubt your claims:
Our swords shall prove them.

Piz. Such the voice of honour.
But not a drop of blood shall now be shed,
That shall reproach Pizarro. Bring in Garcia.

(Garcia enters, with a map.)

Ye see Almagro's herald. Spread the map.
Judge ye between Almagro's claims, and mine.

(Garcia spreads a map before them.)

Gar. Almagro's claims are just. Your chiefs shall own it.

Piz. The Emperor (heav'n guard his sacred life!)
In recompence of my poor services,
But far beyond my merits, has assign'd me
Within this realm, that our good swords have conquer'd,
Three hundred leagues of land; from this point, southward,
This equinoctial line. Where my rule ends,
Begins Almagro's. Here. An hundred leagues.
Look o'er the tract.

Can. No barren spot.

Gar. We grant
Full rich the soil.

Piz. Peopled with busy hamlets,
Where cheerful industry out-toils the sun.
Pasture and tilth, dark woods, and silver lakes.
See o'er these gentle swells the cotton grows,

Waiting our looms. These vast champaigns, that lie
Flat as an ocean, in the golden season,
(And here each month is summer,) float with maize.
These streams, when tumbling torrents wear the rocks,
Are golden-sanded, and what eye has seen
The ingots that inlay these mountain veins?

Can. A goodly realm.

Piz. Yet, in Almagro's sight,
This rich domain, this earthly paradise,
Because imperial Cuzco tow'rs not in it,
Seems like a hillock which the blind mole works
In his way to upper air.

Gar. Imperial Cuzco
Is what we justly claim. The Emperor's grant
To brave Almagro—need I speak its value?
The natives of this realm, with holy zeal
Adore it as the city of a God,
Not built by mortal hands, nor ruled by men.
From thence all honour flows, and to its crown
The kings do homage.

Piz. Nor for that alone

Is Cuzco valued; nor its unsunn'd wealth.
We best can rate its worth;
We whose inglorious swords the rust has gnaw'd,
While we have idly loiter'd at its base.
But to the point. Comrades in arms! receive
Your recompence, my gift: to every chief
Ten leagues: each after each, an equal share.
(Gives him a pair of compasses.)
Here, Pedro, mete them out. We know thy skill.
Observe him, Herald.

Can. There.

Piz. 'Tis fairly done.
I am no scholar, Sir. This hand did grasp
A sword in my tender age. But I can spy
Keen as the letter'd gownsman, on this chart
What's straight, and what is not.

Gar. We do not doubt you.

Piz. Now mark how good Almagro portions out
My just allotment. Not in fair degrees,
As on a level map we lay out land
From point to point. Not as thy compass spann'd
(to Candia)
Impartially. But still he winds and crooks them,

With every curve that dents the wave-worn strand.
There's not a stretch of cape, head-land, or rock
That buts the tide, deep gulf, or yawning bay,
But he has inch'd them all: and so sums up
Their turns and inequalities, to rob me
Of Cuzco, and its fair dependencies.
Ye are impartial men; judge ye between us.
And as ye measure mine, teach me to mete
Your several shares.

Can. Oh, 'tis plain robbery. Look,
From Palmo's island round St. Francis' cape,
The doubling of the land eats up the space
More than its half.

Herald. What answer make you, Sir?

Piz. Hence with your capes and bays, and nameless bounds.

Herald. The sword must end the contest.

Piz. Thou say'st well.
Go tell Almagro, as this weapon cleaves
My foe in fight, direct,
Thus conquerors mete out empires. [*Herald exit.*

(*Juan enters.*)

Juan. The stern Inca
Contemns Gulaxa.

Piz. Bring him now before us.
Your well-weigh'd voice *(to his Council)*, (I am
but one among you)
Shall fix his doom.

Alva. At least we shall behold him.
I long to eye him. Since that well-fought battle
When singly he assail'd me, as I slew
His routed host, I ne'er have seen that warrior.
You still refused me.

Piz. I had ever hope
So to have sway'd him, that his soul had bow'd
Submissive to your will. My threats avail'd not.
Yet I have witness'd men who boldly braved it
Before a single front, turn pale at sight
Of chiefs in council.
'Tis not the gale, tho' strong, which one way
blows,
That wrecks the ship: but when the war of winds
From opposite quarters drives her to and fro,
Then the pale steersman hopeless quits the helm.
Pedro de Candia, thou shalt question him.

Can. I pray excuse me, Sir. A sudden shudder,
Caught from the clime, and watching in your cause,
Has seized me.

Piz. Go not hence: thy glance, keen Pedro,
Can pierce beneath the surface, and thy speech
Draw out the soul with bait of artful words.
Here comes the man.

(As he is going out, Zamorin enters.)

Can. Pray pardon me.

Zam. That voice!—
I cannot err. 'Twas his who tempted me.

Can. I know him not. Dismiss this man, Lord Marquis.
This will but breed dissension 'mong thy friends.

Zam. I ne'er beheld thy face. The vizor hid it.
But in my tent, at the dim close of eve,
One, such as thou, in form and voice, oft lured me,
Pealing Almagro's praise. This recks me not.
Spaniards! behold your hostage.

Can. Tell me, chieftain!
Rate you a base Peruvian's word like mine?

Piz. Oh, I have faith in thee. Behold this gem:
'Twas King Ataliba's; he died, and left us
Heirs to his wealth. Take it, and charge it down

On thy sons' sons to late posterity,
As a memorial that Pizarro knew
Thy worth, nor lightly honour'd it. No more
Of these slight bickerings.

Ben. (to Zamorin, who during this speech had unclasped a bracelet from his arm and crushed each separate link) Why thus, link by link,
Unclasp that bracelet? We are not so charm'd
By every glittering toy, that we had stript thee
Of that poor ornament.

Zam. To dust, to dust.

Ben. Why dost thou tread that bauble under foot?

Zam. I'll answer thee, when it is crush'd to atoms.
Say, *(to Pizarro)* have I leave to speak?

Piz. We Spaniards, Inca,
Do not condemn our prisoners unheard.

Zam. Man, man, thou mock'st me. Look where thou art throned:
Lo! where I stand. And hast thou heart to mock me?

Alv. Thou shalt have patient hearing.

Piz. We attend.

Zam. Thou question'st me of that which may have weight
Ere ye pronounce my doom. Therefore I answer.
It ever hath been custom with our kings,
From great Huana Capac, our first monarch,
The offspring of the sun, when they select
A leader of their forces, round his arm
To bind the chain that in the hour of peace
Circles their neck. That chain, not linkt by hands
Of earthly mold, so sacred is it held,
That he who wears it, speaks, and is obey'd,
Like one from heav'n. No eye shall see it more.
(Looking down.)
'Tis crush'd to atoms.

Ben. Wherefore?

Zam. I received it
From good Huascar, on the very night
He perish'd, by the fell usurper slain,
Sent by Ataliba, whom you did murder.
(The Council in great agitation.)

Can. To torture with him.

Zam. Whence this sudden rage?

Can. Away with him.

Zam. In what have I offended?
Or can ye not in patience hear the deed,
That ye had heart to act?

Alv. Hear, hear him, comrades!
Peace, Candia!
The language of plain truth, howe'er it gall me,
Is not unwelcome to a soldier's ear.
On with your speech. Ye shall not interrupt him.

Zam. Ere I came forth your hostage, not your prisoner,
I charged Villoma to refuse all terms
If by that chain unvouch'd. For I had heard
That ye had instruments of hellish pow'r
To force the tongue to utterance: now to feign
What the soul knew was false, and now deny
The truth, that is our birth-right from above.
I never shrunk, as these deep scars may witness,
From wounds in war, but what ye might inflict
When cool the blood, I knew not: this I know,
That man is frail, and that the heart here bosom'd
Is form'd like man's.

Can. Then, Indian! bid yon fort
Instantly yield, or the keen rack shall goad
Your quivering limbs.

Zam. For that I came prepared.
And what the tongue may rave when nature groans
In madd'ning torture, now has no avail.
The chain is crush'd. *(A shout from without.)*
Almagro: young Almagro.

(Almagro enters, with Orgognez, Herrada, Garcia, and followers.)

Piz. Art thou a spirit risen from the dead
To haunt me at mid-day?

Alm. None from the dead.
Herrada! stay with me. Go, trusty herald!
Haste to my sire, relate what here has past.
Orgognez! ere three hours have wing'd their flight,
Lead on my chosen squadrons, flow'r of our host,
To storm this camp, if yet Pizarro braves us.
Are these the chiefs, *(to Pizarro's Council)* whom terror chain'd to earth,
When o'er the fosse I sprung, and scaled the rock?
And slept your swords when one of Spanish blood
Sunk in your sight?

Alv. The sword and lance were powerless
Against that fort, where our good cannon fail'd.
But when I saw thee 'mid surrounding foes

Rush singly unappal'd, old Alvarados
Heard on his back his iron harness ring.
Methought in each old scar the whizzing shaft
Sunk, as when first it pierced me.

Alm. Hear, Pizarro!
Dismiss thy chiefs. Let us confer in secret.

(As the chiefs are departing, Candia endeavours to make Almagro notice him.)

Piz. Pedro!

Alm. (to Pedro de Candia) What would'st thou, Sir?

Can. Remember Candia:
He is indebted to thee. Chief! command me.

(The chiefs depart.)

Piz. Retire a while, my friends.

Alm. Is this the hostage?

Zam. You see Zamorin.

Alm. Go not hence, brave man!
Thro' me, thy Zama greets thee.

Zam. Name her not.
The very sound unmans me. Zama, Zama!
Oh may'st thou never hear what I have borne.

Alm. Pizarro!
Tho' thy malignant hate has nipt in its bloom

The hope and fair expectance of my prime:
Tho' thou resist my sire's just claims, and mock
The Emperor's sacred signet——

Piz. Heav'n forefend!

Alm. Yet we may meet on terms, and in that hope
Before thy warriors I reproach'd thee not;
But face to face here breathe my just rebuke.
Yet know I to forgive, and, once atoned,
Remember not the offence.

Piz. Then we are friends.
Brave youth! Oh would thou wert a son of mine!
That these fond arms might fold thee! blest Almagro!
Thy fame shall never die! but from thy root
Spring up, and flourish fair, and gather strength
Thro' this thy son. But when some stranger hand
Has closed my vault, none, none on earth shall rise
To grace my name. Oblivion's noiseless wings
Shall, as they sweep along the untrodden aisles
Where low I lie, strike from the trophy'd vault
My banners down, and turn them to the dust

That moulders on the nameless stone beneath.
So shall I sleep forgotten with the dead
As one who ne'er had been. Oh, name the terms.

Alm. First, free this hostage.

Zam. Dost thou know Zamorin?
Spaniard! art thou aware of thy demand?
Fair friendship's sacred league can ne'er unite us.
Ye have laid waste my country. I revenged.

Piz. Now art thou answer'd?

Alm. No. Release him.

Piz. Say,
Heroic youth!
What more than common motives sway thy soul?

Alm. Their fortress I assail'd: they spared my life.
The sire of this brave man unclasp'd my chains:
The wife of this brave man spake comfort to me,
And when I seem'd in sorrow, look'd on me,
As one who views a brother.

Zam. She beheld
Distress, nor ask'd, when misery pierced her soul,
Whether a friend or foe required relief:
'Twas human nature suffer'd, and she pitied.

Yet this preserved thee not. Beneath our roof
The life of man is sacred.

Piz. You did promise
To free this chief.

Alm. My life for his is pledged.

Piz. Say we release him: you require no more.

Alm. Nought, but our right, the Emperor's grant.

(Juan enters.)

Juan. Pizzaro,
The beckoning signal waves from yonder fort.
Shall I array the troops?

Piz. Haste, quickly arm them.
I, I will lead them. *(Juan goes.)*

Alm. Trust not to that signal.
It beckons to defeat, and foul disgrace.

Piz. You plead the Emperor's grant. Behold my title,
Not penn'd in characters, that man can forge,
(takes his helmet off.)
Make, and unmake at will. 'Tis charter'd here;
Imprinted by the iron hand of war
On this time-furrow'd front. And till thy sword
Has razed it out, look not to rule at Cuzco.

Each dent and honour'd scar that seams this head
Will yawn afresh, wide as when first the blood
Leapt to the stroke, whene'er Pizarro yields
What conquest gave him on the well-fought field.
Here ends our conference—Guard! confine this
chief! [*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene changes to the Court in the Temple of the Sun.

Villoma and Zama.

Zama. Oh go not forth. To others trust the
charge.
'Tis not a woman's fear. Each voice reports
Signs of dire bodement.
Vill. Earth has rockt ere now;
And red volcanos roar'd.
Zama. Not these alone;
Nor lakes that heaved when not a light leaf waved;
Nor fiery armies clanging in the skies.
But from the southern turret one who watch'd
Last night—— (*Priests burst in.*)

Priest. Hear, hear, Villoma!

Vill. Why thus burst
Unbidden? Wherefore shake thy limbs?

Priest. Good father!

Vill. Speak, holy man!

Priest. It was our charge, this day,
To watch the sky. Noon's solemn hour drew near;
When as we gazed observant of the God,
To hymn his mid-day pomp, at once from view
His orb sunk cloudless: and where now he flamed,
A triple halo ring'd the heav'ns—One glared
Like blood fresh spilt: the next, that far o'erarch'd it,
Darker than starless midnight: and the third,
Of amplest curvature, scarce show'd to the eye
That strain'd to grasp it, shape or hue distinct:
But like a wavering exhalation smoked
Ceaselessly streaming. As our hearts died in us—
—O horror!——

Vill. Speak——

Priest. The temple's ponderous gates
Moved to and fro, untouch'd by visible hand.
And, from within, a groan of deep lament,

As from a struggling spirit, loath to part,
Burst from the riven shrine.

Zama. These, these are sent
Dire warnings from above. They speak to thee
In utterance not of earth. Oh go not forth!

Vill. At this dread hour, when treason shakes the realm,
When brother against brother arms his hand,
I will not to a second trust that charge
Which duty binds on me. The will of Heav'n
Most audible,
When prodigies and portents may deceive,
Bids me defend my country.

(Orcas enters.)

Orc. Haste, Villoma!
Thy orders are obey'd; and all succeeds.
The secret signal floats above the rock.
Lured by the sight, the traitors meet in arms:
'Mid these, beneath the cavern's low-brow'd roof,
Where the sun never shone, Gulaxa leagues
The murderous band.

Vill. Say, are the appointed guard
Drawn forth, and well advised?—

Orc. They wait thy word;
And call on thee to lead them. *(Orcas goes.)*
Vill. Say, I come.
Thou! if this hand, Oh Sun! that clasps thy shrine,
Has ne'er from youth to age, been raised to thee,
But to invoke from heav'n, on all beneath,
Thy universal blessing, hear my pray'r!
Accept this life a sacrifice for all!
Strike here! and save thy realm. My child! farewell!
Zama. I will not leave thee at this dreadful hour.
Zamorin's wife has sway among the chiefs:
Zamorin's spirit, breathed in softer tone,
E'en in a woman's voice has power to daunt
The soul of guilt.
Vill. Think of thy boding fears—
Zama. I have no fears. Thy life, thy life's in danger.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene changes to a Cave in the Rock.

Gulaxa, Rimac, Arcal, other Conspirators.

Gul. Your stations are assign'd; and ye have sworn,
As fits brave men who in their cause have trust,
What time Pizarro's trumpet rends the air,
To answer the loud summons.
Rim. We have sworn.
But where is Orcas?
Gul. On the middle rampire
That skirts the ledge of rocks, his eye o'erlooks
The Spanish camp.
Rim. Trust not that man, Gulaxa!
More than thy will, Villoma's safety moves him.
His life, methinks, is bosom'd in the priest,
That he so fears to wound him.
Gul. It were well
To spare his aged brow.
Rim. But if his zeal
Arouse the rest to vengeance.

Gul. Self-defence
Severs at once the bonds that nature joins.

(Villoma, Zama, Orcas, Guard, burst in.)

Vill. Guard! seize their weapons.

Rim. Not if this avail.

Zama. (catching his lifted hand) A daughter's arm has saved thee.

Vill. Drag forth these serpents from their darksome cave.
The all-seeing sun shall glare upon their shame.

(They drag them from the cave.)

Oh vile guilt!
Traitors! behold your king!—Kneel not to me.

(to Gulaxa.)

I cannot pardon thee.

Gul. Nor do I ask it
But on such terms as shall redeem my soul
From galling infamy. I boldly claim
Not mercy, but high praise, and just reward,
Due to a deed that to remotest time
Shall consecrate my memory.

Vill. Say on.

Gul. The signal waves: the Spaniards soon will march.

I know the impatience of Pizarro's soul.
He, he will head them. At the lower fort
Fix me to guide his footstep up the rock.
But ere he cross the rampart, this, this hand
Shall pierce his breast.

Zama. Oh more than serpent fell!
He only wounds, instinctively, in rage,
The foot that bruises him. But thou, Oh man!
Thou! with deliberate thought, pondering the means,
Would'st stab the friend that leans upon thy breast;
And fell him with the hand held forth in act
Of seeming kindness.

Vill. And for this thou claim'st
Praise and reward! such recompence as suits
Such actions, be thy meed. When guilt, like thine,
Stalks forth unpunish'd, he who pardons it
Incurs Heav'n's righteous wrath.

Orc. (looking out) The Spanish chief
Returns, and with him, one——

Zama. Perhaps—Zamorin——

Vill. Conduct them hither. Oh! all gracious Heav'n!

Thro' dark and intricate mazes hid from man
Thy mercy lightens, as the golden sun
Bursts from the veil of clouds.

(Almagro and Herrada enter.)

Zama. It is not—no—
'Tis not Zamorin. Why that look of woe?

(To Almagro.)

Why art thou silent? Oh! he is no more.

Alm. I left him living.—But—you see me here——

Zama. I understand you. He will not live long.

Alm. I left him at the mercy of Pizarro.
Oh! if thou wish to hear his last farewell,
Or see him more, fly, fly: my friend shall aid thee.
Rely on him, as on this willing victim
Pledged for Zamorin's life.

Gul. (as she is rushing out) Stay, Zama, stay.
But grant me life, *(to Villoma)* and I will mark the means
To save the hostage. To her heart, again,
Zama shall clasp her lord.

Vill. Speak, thou art pardon'd.

Gul. *(pointing to Almagro)* Lo! in this chief
the murderer of thy race:
Lo! in this chief, Pizarro's fellest foe.
The favourite wish most harbour'd in his heart,
Is this man's death. Haste, proffer in exchange
His corse, and hail Zamorin.

Zama. Let him perish!
Wretch! were Pizarro's sword now stretch'd to slay him,
And but the unwhisper'd sufferance of a deed
Bartering man's blood, would fix him in my arms;
I would exclaim, "Strike, sword!"—and lay my neck
Beneath the self-same blow—as I shall now.

(Zama rushes out, accompanied by Herrada.)

Vill. Haste, haste; restrain her flight. My daughter! Zama!
Oh monster! *(to Gulaxa)* art thou here? thou shalt not die.
It now were mercy. When Pizarro, swoln
With pride of promised victory, leads his host
Against this fort, and summons forth his slaves:
Then to confound the conqueror, cast before him

This traitor. In thy doom, that blood-stain'd chief
Shall dread his destiny, and shake thee off
To crawl o'er earth an interdicted thing,
Markt by the visible finger of a God
To warn the world from sin. *(To Orcas)* Be this obey'd.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Pizarro's Camp.

Zamorin.

Zam. The stir and shout of the tumultuous camp
Loud rings from tent to tent. Ere long yon fort,
Impregnable by power of mortal arm,
Shall, at the touch of treason, ope its gates
At stern Pizarro's voice.—Oh! heav'n-born babe!
Sole relic of the race sent down to earth
To bless this realm, no more my arm shall guard thee.
Villoma! Zama!—hold! my madd'ning brain!
Not that—not that—no, the fixt earth shall first
Fall from its shatter'd base: and thou, Oh Sun!

Rush from thy sphere, ere guilt's foul touch pollute
Her pure and sinless bosom.

(Juan's voice heard without.)

Juan. When the trumpet
Summons the warriors, to Pizarro lead them.
Now, strictly guard the tent. Let none approach.

(Zama entering.)

Zama. Zamorin——

Zam. 'Tis her voice. It cannot be.
Once, once again, charm'd fancy! breathe that sound.

Zama. (enters, and embraces him.) Zamorin.

Zam. 'Tis herself. Angel of light!

Zama. Yet, yet thou liv'st, and these fond arms enfold thee.
Oh I had fear that never, never more
This eye had gazed on thine!

Zam. Yes, I will clasp thee:
And, ere we part, in thy celestial look
Taste the pure transports of a world, where love
'Mid spirits of the blest, links soul to soul
In everlasting union.—Yet—my Zama!—
I would we had not met.

Zama. Oh say not that!

Zam. Why gaze thus on me with unsated eye?

Zama. Oh thou art strangely alter'd since we parted.
A few, few days. Keen grief has wrung thy soul.
Each woe-worn feature, as I gaze on thee,
Wounds me with mute reproach. Had I been here,
Thou had'st less keenly suffer'd!

Zam. That alone——
I had but that alone to sooth my woes.
Thou knew'st them not.

Zama. Yet sure had I been here,
Thy soul, tho' pierced with anguish, had found peace,
While pillow'd on my breast thy brow reposed.
And I had watch'd thy sleep: and if my tears,
Shed in mute wretchedness, had chanced to stray
Down thy pale cheek, my lip had kiss'd them off,
And met thee with a smile.

Zam. 'Tis not the past
That wakes a pang.—Oh! wert thou now away!

Zama. Never, Zamorin, will I leave thee more.

None, none shall part us. Thou wert once unkind,
Yet was it kindly meant; but never more
Force me to quit thee; nor dissolve the dream
So sweet, of hope, that whispers to my soul,
Like nightly spirits visitant from heav'n,
That I may sooth thy grief. Alas! Zamorin!
You hid from me the woe that man endures,
But left me to the shapings of wild fear,
That starts at what fiends suffer. Yet—my husband——

Zam. Why that dread silence? Speak thy inmost wish.

Zama. There is a quality in female minds,
That when they love the sufferer, seems to feed
On voluntary woe, and turns each tear
To purest pleasure.—Yet—my lord——

Zam. Speak, Zama.

Zama. The fond indulgence of a woman's weakness
Must not unman thee. Ruthless are thy foes;
And if thou deem that death's unpitied pangs
Will less severely wound thee, if thy Zama

Be far away; I now, tho' loth, will bid thee
Farewell—no other word shall 'scape my lip;
And yet 'mid these rude men, whose brutal rage
Ends not with life——

Zam. Cease, cease; you wring my heart.

Zama. To leave thy untomb'd corse exposed to scorn,
And insults that the tongue wants strength to utter!——
——Oh! by that love! which made this earth a heav'n,
By the blest vow that made us one, refuse not
My last request!

Zam. I was prepared for death.
Thou hast unman'd me. 'Tis for thee I fear.

Zama. Thou weep'st, nor longer can'st deny my prayer.
Thus let me drink each tear that flows for me.
Speak peace to me.

Zam. Whate'er thy wish, 'tis granted.

Zama. 'Tis what religion prompts, and these bad men,
Unhallow'd as they are, will not refuse it.

'Tis but to close the eye which cannot see
The hand that weighs it down, and smooth the brow
Insensate to the touch that presses it.
Nor will they envy me a little spot
Where I may hide thee in the grave, and pour
O'er thy cold corse a pray'r in life's last breath.

(Trumpet sounds.)

Zam. Hark! 'tis the signal. They to victory go,
And we to death.

Zama. On thee alone I dwelt,
All, all but thou forgotten. They go forth,
But not to victory. Gulaxa's art
Has fail'd, and righteous heav'n disclosed his guilt.

Juan. (entering) Guard! bring the Indians forth.

Zam. Yes, fell Pizzaro!
Disgrace, and taunting shame shall bow thee down.
Art thou prepared—my Zama?

Zama. (embracing him) Thus to perish,
And bless the stroke that shall in death unite us.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Fort.

Pizarro, Alvarados, Benalcazar, Pedro de Candia, Zamorin, Zama, Soldiers arrayed, &c.

Piz. Comrades in arms!
Who here have watch'd, while thro' each labouring change
The cold moon slowly toil'd; and, at the base
Of these vast rocks, seen the red balls ye launch'd
Fall from the unscathed fortress! ye, whom war,
By irksome trials in the lingering siege,
Has gradual train'd to bear the iron yoke
That galls proud valour! ye, heroic men!
For ye are more than brave! I will not praise you
For action in the field,—that ye ne'er ask'd
The number of the host, nor felt a wound
While the foe lived who smote you—

Alv. Praise for these,
To soldiers adds no glory.

Piz. No;—I praise you
For fortitude of soul, that gives to valour

The name and rank of virtue: instinct else,
And by the brute possess'd. Friends! I have found you
Submissive, while your spirit glow'd within you,
Like the train'd war-horse curb'd in mid career,
And balancing his pace, while his wild eye
Shot flames of living fire. Lo! there your spoils!
(Pointing to the fort.)
Drag from unfathom'd caves gold and rare gems
That pale the noon-beam. Careless on yon height
Repose, and one by one tell o'er your scars:
And piece your batter'd mail with plates of gold
Thrice coated. And where once the weapon pierced
Severing the steel, stud the proud spot with jewels,
To strike the eye of wonder.

Can. Give the signal:
Thy troops demand the spoil.

Piz. O'er yon high peak,
When victory waves my banner, brave Alvarez!
Fix on the battlement this Inca's head.
So shall they perish all, who stood before us,
Barring our way to conquest——

Zama. Man of blood!

If at that hour, when none on earth can save,
Thou hope for mercy, now that mercy show.
All—*(going to the different chiefs)*—are ye all
alike?—Thou, aged man! *(to Alvarados)*
Whose silver beard shows like my father's! spare
him!

Zam. Zama! submit in silence.

Piz. (to the Herald) Sound the trumpet.
Summon the fortress!

Alv. First, Pizarro! hear me.
This corselet bears the dint of many a wound
That bought thee conquest:—now, I crave a boon.
Slay not that hostage. Alvarados asks it.
And, in exchange for gold, and glittering gems,
I claim his freedom.

Zama. Thou wert born of woman,
And drops of pity mingled in the breast
That gave thee milk.

Alv. (to Zama) Hang not around me thus:
Mine is no heart of flint. Since she who bore
me
Wept o'er the farewell blessing, this old cheek
Has never felt a tear. The drops would scald
My eye unwonted to them.

Can. Hear, Pizarro!

Alv. (to Candia) When Alvarados speaks, he will be heard.

In the last action, when his army fled,
I found this Inca, with the fight o'erdone,
Stretch'd on a heap, Indians and Spaniards slain.
I bad him yield: he answer'd not, but swiftly
As one just fresh in onset, wrench'd my lance
From its firm rest: and, as I grasp'd my sword,
With my own weapon, thro' this iron gauntlet
Thus pierced me:—and may venom lurk in the wound,
If Alvarados see him basely slain,
As he had ne'er known valour.

Zama. (kisses his hand) Zama's lip
Shall heal the wound.

Piz. (to Alvarados) Pizarro is thy debtor.
When the proud fortress yields, release the hostage.
Summon the place.

Zam. Pizarro! stay. That fort
Hangs on my word. Be warn'd, and now release me.
Or rage will prompt strange deeds, which shall outlast

The fame that waits on victory. Peru
Once more in arms demands her chief. Release him;
Him, whom you cannot fear. And if it sooth
Thy sternness, and give glory to these chiefs
That I confess you conquerors! So hear it.

Piz. (in deep amaze) On him that fort depends!

Can. We want not, captive!
Thy praise—our scanty band scatters your myriads,
Like dust before the blast.

Zam. Boast not, proud warrior!
We are not cased in mail: we forge not swords
Edged to cut steel: we launch not hidden fires,
That flash, and man is dead: nor mount on steeds
That crush the foe beneath their iron hoof.
We fight, as nature dictates. Ye are train'd
To slaughter, as an art: and in mid fight
Ye speak, and are obey'd, and turn the tide
Of battle with a word. But, with our shields,
Twined rushes of the brook, arrows, and spears
Unbarb'd with iron, and for high-plumed casque
A wreath of flowers pluckt from our native soil,

Arm'd in our country's cause, we will once more
Front you without a fear.

Can. (*to Pizarro*) These valiant men
Have earn'd rewards beyond a monarch's ransom,
And claim the promised spoil. We came not hither
Thus to be mockt by slaves.

Piz. Lift high the standards!
Draw your proud swords. Peal the loud trump. Now, herald,
Advance, and shout the summons to the fort.

Herald. Yield to Pizarro's power.

Orc. (*on the battlements*) Where is the chief
Who thrones, and unthrones kings?

Piz. Behold Pizarro.

Orc. (*to the guard within the fort*) Now cast the traitor forth, and close the gates.

(*Gulaxa is cast forth, and falls at Pizarro's feet.*)

Can. This is no harbinger of victory.

Alv. Why dost thou clasp his knees? Why prone on earth,
Thus shrouded close from view, as if thou fear'dst
That the abhorrent eye should turn from thee
As from a sight unblest?

Zam. It is the murderer;
The man whom thou didst crown.

Piz. Ye mountains! crush me.
Gape, earth! that I have drench'd with blood, and hide me
In central night.

Can. (*maliciously to Pizarro*) Where are the promised spoils?

Piz. (*confusedly to his army*) This is not as it seems. It moves your wonder.
Be not alarm'd, my friends. Art, oft beneath
The semblance of repulse—Oh heav'n! and earth!
By all my former fame, and the proud hope
Of greater glory, now for ever gone,
Thou shalt not live.

Gul. Stay thy impetuous hand!
I was myself betray'd. Send back your troops—
Yet, yet thou shalt succeed.

Piz. Comrades! retire——
A little while——here soon we meet again——
I pray you to the camp—(*Aside*) Drive, drive them off,
Good Juan.

Alv. Trust no more these smooth-tongued traitors.
On this (*his sword*) the warrior rests, and never fails.

Can. Look, when you want poor Candia's aid, Pizarro!
From yonder fortress beckon him—farewell—

(*All go but Pizarro, Juan, and Gulaxa.*)

Piz. That fortress, nor the empire of the world
Would bribe me, once again to stand the taunts
Of galling scorn.

Gul. Grant me but life, Pizarro,
Villoma shall obey thee.

Piz. Mark me, traitor!
Oh! if false hope deceive me, thou shalt die
In lingering agonies. There, fix my banners,
Now, in short time, ere proud Almagro's host
Pluck conquest from my grasp, and I will crown thee
This day on Cuzco's throne. Disclose the mode.

Gul. It is within thy power, if thou dare use it.

Piz. No trifle turns Pizarro from his course.

Gul. This is no common crime.

Piz. Delay not—speak——

Gul. You need but feign the act.

Piz. Be brief. Reveal it, slave. Your life's at hazard.

Gul. You markt that woman, whom they led away.

Piz. Most beautiful. In form, and face, and air
Peerless, and rarely graced.

Gul. You know her rank.

Piz. Zamorin's wife.

Gul. Know you nought else?

Piz. No more.

Gul. She is a daughter of the Sun. A Coya.

Piz. Well, well——

Gul. You heed me not.
Pure in her veins, from our first monarch, flows
Her blood, by mortal mixture unprofaned.
Her father, in yon rock-built temple, serves
The Sun, his sire and god.—Her life is sacred.
You understand me. Let me speak no more.

Piz. Her life is sacred!—I have heard such tales:
But these vain dreams, and visions of weak fancies,
Past with the hearing.

Gul. Oh you misconceive it.
So sacred are their lives, that he who wounds them
Unknowingly; nay, though devoid of sense,
Idiot or lunatic, no longer dwells
With man: but from the social tie cut off,
Strays lone on earth, amid the beasts of the wild.
Who wilful slays them, is entomb'd alive:
His race swept from the land, and e'en the ground
That fed him, hid with stones, which he who passes,
Casts with a curse upon it.

Piz. Then you mean
That I should slay this daughter of the Sun,
If her stern sire refuse to yield the fort.

Gul. You need but threaten it.

Piz. *(after deliberation)* It will not fail.
Oh! were but young Almagro a cold corse—
Or in yon walls held captive; I, ere long,
Would sway his sire at will——

Juan. Declare thy purpose.

Piz. Go, free the hostage. Say, not life alone
And liberty I grant, but the western world
Shall own his empire, if Almagro's corse
Be found beneath these rocks.

Juan. Thy zeal transports thee.
He will not slay Almagro.

Piz. Nay then, Juan,
Be this the sole condition. All I ask
Is that Almagro in yon walls remain
Some days, a captive. Thou attend the Inca.
Pledge of his word, fair Zama be our hostage.
And if Zamorin should forget his wife:
Urge, urge by every tie the priest and father.
Say that a daughter's life, the sun's pure blood,
Depends on him. Delay not. *(Juan goes.)*

Gul. (to Pizarro as he is going out) Stay, Pizarro.
Are then thy promised gifts no more remember'd?

Piz. What nameless agonies shall rack that slave,
Who pluckt bright conquest from Pizarro's brow,
And held him up to public gaze, the mark
Of base derision? Guards! this traitor seize,
And underneath yon rocks that view'd our shame
In torturing pangs inflict his doom of death.

[Exeunt.

Scene changes to the Camp.

Zamorin, Zama.

Zama. They cannot long resist, sore famine bows them.

Zam. Oh hapless country! by thy native race
Betray'd to merciless men!

Zama. Yet some remain
Unshaken. From the rest, when thou went'st forth,
Hope fled. From thee the general spirit flow'd,
As light from heav'n. Thy influence reign'd in all.
Thou wert their voice in counsel, strength in war,
In woe sole prop. Thou went'st, and dark despair
Fell on the brave: while strange extravagant tales
That made the Spaniards gods, found sure belief
In the base fear that forged them.

Zam. Lost Peru!
Oh could they hear my voice! e'en now, ere night,
Spaniards 'gainst Spaniards, arm'd by demons, rush
In unforgiving contest! Knew they this,
Hope would revive, and with reviving hope

The unconquerable will, and pow'r to quell
The fierce invader.

Zama. Say, what mean thy words?
Shall we again be free?

Zam. Oh never, never.
It is decreed above. Peru must fall.

Zama. Look, look not thus.

Zam. How gladly would I pour
My willing blood upon my native earth,
If my blest voice, in death, might warn Peru
Of fate to come.

(Juan enters.)

Juan. Zamorin, thou art free,
Lead on thy host: and, as becomes the brave,
Defend thy country.

Zam. Gracious Heaven! I thank thee.
Yet, much I fear, thou mock'st me.

Juan. Thou art free.
Yet, hear the terms.

Zam. I knew that thou didst mock me.
You need not name them.

Juan. Had thy will consented
To young Almagro's death, the western world
Had own'd thy rule.

Zama. He came a willing victim,
Pledged for thy life. By his kind aid I stand
Here at thy side.

Zam. You may depart.

Juan. Yet hear me.
Nor price of blood, nor aught unjust I claim.
This only, to detain him in yon fort
Few days, a prisoner. Hostage for thy word
Zama remains with us. *(A long pause)* You answer not.

Zama. Yes, he consents. Oh linger not, Zamorin.
Farewell!

Zam. Oh man! thou hadst not hope to move me.

Juan. I understand thee not.

Zam. Then briefly this.
We love our wives, and in that name comprise
All that earth holds most sacred. Thou art answer'd.

Zama. Good Spaniard! I may move him.
Pray retire.
A little patience——

Juan. (as he goes) Yield, or both shall perish.

Zama. (after a long silence) You will consent.

Zam. Never.

Zama. You love me not.

Zam. Far beyond life.

Zama. More than thy country's freedom,
Than virtue, self-esteem, vows fixt in heav'n:
That vow, which when Huascar's spirit fled
Left on his corse a smile. Thee I have loved
With that pure ardour, which, to rightly name it,
Seems likest adoration. For in thee
Virtue, in human shape, gave me on earth
The foretaste of hereafter. I have lived
In that persuasion blest. So let me die.
Oh say you will consent.

Zam. Art thou aware
Of their intent?

Zama. I think I shall not live.

Zam. 'Tis plain as if Pizarro's self had spoke it.
Thee, they will drag thee underneath the fort:
And, in a father's sight——

Zama. Oh name it not——

Zam. Slay thee, he looking on—the fiend will slay thee,

If he refuse to yield the fort. A father
Can ne'er endure that sight.

Zama. Thou wilt be with him.
Control him—and then—sooth him, that he feel not
That he has lost a child.

Zam. How shall I stand
Unshaken, while a father's heart drops blood?

Zama. Thou art the column that supports Peru.

Zam. It is thy voice: but thou hast changed thy nature.
Thy eye, that gazes on me, sheds no tear,
While mine——

Zama. Spare—pity me—consent—farewell.

Zam. Is it a trivial thing to part with life?
That we no more shall meet, as once, in bliss.

Zama. Husband! clasp, clasp me in thy arms, then ask
That question; and my heart shall answer thee.
Thus *(embraces him)* we will die together. Yet—I fear,
Peru's deep curse will load our parting breath.

Zam. Thou! more than woman!

Zama. No, a weak frail woman,
That has not changed her nature: one, from love
Who borrows strength beyond her pow'r, to utter
What breaks her heart. Say, that we live, Zamorin,
And yield the fort; the earth will groan beneath us;
The sun withdraw his light, that we have hymn'd,
Both when it rose and set; for still it blest
Our love, whose bond was virtue. We may shun
A scornful world:—how shall we shun ourselves
The worse despisers? Say, we die together;
My father to redeem our corse from insult
Would yield the fort: but, as he tomb'd our bones,
Shame would suspend his blessing. Fix our doom.
My soul, high strain'd beyond its nature, leans
On thee for aid. Oh, by thy virtue, husband!
Give strength to mine—Oh! let me die in peace,
And make my memory blest!

Zam. Farewell! be blest—*(rushes out, but returns slowly.)*
Yet—yet—I have a fear.
How shall I speak it? These are bad, bad men.

When he who should protect, is far away,
When most his aid is wanted——

Zama. 'Spoused in heav'n,
Let not a fear for me disturb thee more!
I have ta'en care of this—depart in peace!

Zam. What may this mean?

Zama. Ere the good Spaniard went
Who brought me hither, I entreated him
One favour for Almagro's sake. He gave it—
Uncertain as I was what doom might wait me
I begg'd this steel. I will not rashly use it.
But when all else shall fail, 'twill be no crime
To rescue a pure daughter of the Sun,
Thy wife, from touch unblest.

Zam. (embraces her) We meet in heav'n——

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Square, with a Range of Columns, in front of the Temple of the Sun.

Orcas, Juan, Peruvian Chiefs.

Orc. Spaniard! there wait, where yonder marble pillars,
Pure vein'd, high tow'r in air.
Juan. Why there restrain me?
Orc. Know, stranger, on that hallow'd range, the sun
In noon-tide glory robed, looks gracious down,
Nor sees a shade beneath him: when the God
Steps between pole and pole, and o'er the globe
Stretches his fiery sceptre, that divides
Midway, the day and night. That sacred boundary

Marks to the native worshippers a barrier
Which none, unbidden, pass.

Juan. This recks not me.
Restrain me not. *(Rushing on.)*

Orc. (stopping him) Bold man! you rule not here;
Rash as thou art, this consecrated ground
Shall strike thee with strange awe.

Juan. The word I bring
Brooks not delay.

Per. Retire, or dread our rage.

Juan. Dread mine——

Orc. Advance not; nor with foot profane
Pollute the golden pavement, where these gems
Figure the planets as they weave their course
Amid the starry choir.

Juan. Have you inform'd him
That no mean herald waits?

Orc. He serves his God;
Nor aught of earthly object claims regard.

Juan. The cause that urged my steps, is holier far
Than worship to vain idols. Know, your rites

Are profanation to the God, that bad
The sun be still; and the sun heard, and stood.

Orc. No drop of blood has e'er profaned this place:
Or, nor thy sacred office, nor thy hand
Graced by the symbol, and pledged sign of peace,
Had rescued thee from death.

Juan. (enraged) This to Pizarro!
Come forth, Villoma!

Per. Still that impious tongue!

Orc. Guard! When the rites are o'er, bring that man hither.
Till then confine him. *(They force him away.)*

Per. (to Orc.) Know'st thou what unveils
The inmost Sanctuary? on what high cause
We thus are summon'd to the shrine itself?
Not to the outward temple, as of old,
When danger lour'd; or solemn feasts recall'd
The wandering sun, down his slope path star-paved,
To turn again tow'rds Cuzco.

Orc. Hear you not?
The bars give way. The golden gates unfold—

(The gates unfold, and disclose the Sanctuary of the Sun, magnificently decorated. On each side of the God, blazing over his altar, are ranged the embalmed bodies of the Peruvian Emperors, seated on golden thrones, and royally arrayed.)

Villoma and Zamorin at the altar.

Vill. (comes forward) Enter in silence, nor with impious thoughts
Profane the shrine!

Zam. These only faithful found!

Vill. Seek not the rest;—they are no more remember'd.

Zam. I grieve o'er many a chief, who once with me
Fought bravely, nor return'd without a wound.
Is there no intercession?

Vill. None. All crimes
Other than theirs had found atonement here.
But treason 'gainst their country, and dire league
With men whose iron heel has crush'd their God,
Admit not expiation.

Zam. I submit
In silence.

Vill. Ye! defenders of your country!
Approach! upon this bloodless altar lay
Your hands, the plighted witness of your vow:
Each to the other bound in holy league.

Per. We lay our hands.

Vill. Now swear ye will perform
Whate'er Zamorin bids, or back retire
Unblest.

Per. God of our fathers! hear our vow!

Zam. (to Villoma) Thy duty now is o'er. Oh holy father!
Retire, I pray thee. On their souls I bind
A dreadful charge. Their country's freedom claims it.
A charge of blood; whose utterance were unfit
For thy pure ear.

Vill. I yield to thy request.
Yet say once more, to sooth a father's fear,
Say that you left her well, and pledge for thee.

Zam. I do repeat it, well, and pledge for me.

(Villoma goes.)

Defenders of Peru!

Who here adore in awful extasy
High wonders ne'er exposed to eyes on earth,
Save the Sun's hallow'd race! to ye, your zeal,
And that high cause which consecrates your vow,
The freedom of your country, have unveil'd
The interdicted shrine. Lo! there the God,
The present God; and, on each side, his race
Embalm'd in act of blessing: so they lived;
And now to sight alive, from sire to son
Successive, on their golden thrones of state.
Adore that godlike form—Lo! Manco Capac.

Per. Hail, heav'n-born! founder of our country, hail!

Zam. Yes: from their rocks he drew your sires, and tamed
To social life. He found them, lone, dispersed
O'er earth's wide wilderness, where man and beast
Grappled for nature's sovereignty. Where man
Stray'd wild, not free; in want and woe, all equal,
Save nature's sad distinction, strong and weak,
The oppressor, and the opprest. He, heav'n-instructed,
Taught holy rites, and laws, whose guardian strength

Protects the feeble with the force of all,
And binds in kings the authority it grants,
Trust for the common good.

Per. Hail! founder, hail!

Zam. Oh! if the sight of him!
Who first unbarr'd the stranger's iron heart
To pity, tenderness, and gentle joys:
Who to the wilds and woods brute passion chased,
And taught the interchange of soul with soul:
And sympathies of kin, that make each home
A blissful heav'n; where peace, a wanderer else,
Rests, and chaste love on wedlock's base sustains
The pillar of society. Peruvians!
If while ye gaze on him, a god on earth,
A voice, like one from heav'n when thunder speaks,
Cries not, "Resist"—away, released from oaths
That hold not the heart.

Per. We will resist,
Or perish. Lead us forth.

Zam. No, not to war.
'Tis not to battle that I urge ye forth;
To combat with a foe whom hell has arm'd
With its own fires. They told you they were gods:
Ye found them hid beneath their iron mail

Men sensible of pain; and, I have found them
Men viler than the beast that roams the wild.
Hear, and rejoice and hymn the song of praise!
Ere night, their rival chiefs, by demons arm'd,
In merciless combat meet. Thou! stand Peru!
Aloof!—and when the exhausted victor mourns
His conquest, sweep from earth, that groans beneath them,
The wretched remnant of these gods embruted
With kindred murder.—

Per. Gracious heav'n! we thank thee.—

Zam. Yet first ye must endure a dreadful test;
Ye must sustain a spectacle of horror
That the soul shrinks from.

Per. Say, what test, what sight?

Zam. I cannot speak it. Yet whate'er ye view
Most strangely horrible; howe'er abjured;
E'en tho' Villoma, in the dust before you,
Strew his grey hairs, and pray you, spare his age.
E'en tho' the chieftain who now steels your hearts
Should, slave of human frailty, unsay
Oaths register'd in heav'n: swear, ye will guard
The fort, till death.—Vow this, or now resign

Your lives, your liberty, your king, your God,
At fell Pizarro's word.

Per. Our oath is fixt.

Zam. Then, ye are conquerors. Now, friends, farewell.
Each to his post: and when ye view Pizarro,
Fiendlike in murderous act; and, in his grasp
A form of angel glory, guard the gates:
Lest, roused to frenzy at the sight, Peru
Burst them, and free the victim.

Per. We have vow'd.

(Peruvian chiefs depart.)

Zam. (falls upon the altar) They hear not: and my soul may vent its woe.
Oh Thou! that view'st the heart! Thou! to whom thought
Speaks without tongue; to thee is no disguise.
Therefore accept for incense this deep sigh;
For sacrifice, these tears, wrung from the heart,
And streaming on thy shrine. These, now may fall
Blameless, unseen of man. Yet not the less
Sustain me to the accomplishment, and fill
With force not mine: that, in thy cause, my soul

May triumph: and when free Peru shouts forth
The hymn of praise, rejoin my bride in heav'n!

(He goes; the gates of the Temple are closed.)

Enter Orcas, Juan, and Guard.

Orc. Yes: you may now be heard.

Juan. I thank thee not;
Nor shalt thou pass unblamed. The flag I bore
Claim'd reverence, and the cause brookt not delay,
While idle rites, and worship to vain gods
Deny'd me utterance.

(Zamorin enters.)

Zam. (to Juan) Depart unheard.

Juan. My word concerns Villoma.

Zam. It concerns
Me, and the public weal.

Juan. Reflect—Zamorin!—

Zam. Spaniard! I am resolved.

Juan. A father's voice
Must here decide.

Zam. Alone I govern here.
Depart.

Juan. There is a pledge within our pow'r.
Her safety rests on thee.

Zam. It rests on heav'n.
If thy intent be fell, there dread the avenger.
Conduct him to the gate. Reply no more.

Juan. Thy Zama——

Zam. Lead him forth. I will not hear thee.
Each to your post: ere long expect the foe.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene changes to Pizarro's Camp.

Pizarro, Alvarados, Soldiers.

Piz. (*to Alvarados*) Lead forth thy charge; and as the foe ascends
Yon mound, where our brisk cannon shall confound them,—! Assail them unawares. (*Benalcazar enters.*) Well, Benalcazar.

Ben. Candia contemns thy offer—he is gone—
With him the valiant pikemen——

Piz. Then, brave chiefs!
We shall have more to conquer.

Ben. Base, base Candia!

Piz. Rate not his loss; or rate it at its worth;
Felt but at parting. When the storm is laid,
Shake but a bell, he'll perch upon our lure,
Where'er he wings afar his viewless flight.
Would Juan were return'd!

Alv. What thy intent
I do not look to fathom—but beware—
'Tis loudly rumour'd thro' the unquiet camp,
That, from yon fort released, Almagro's son
Heads his fleet horse.

Ben. Your men, with eager voice,
Count and recount his force; and, as fear reckons,
Swell them at every numbering.

Piz. Brave Castilians!
Ye will not stop to tell them, one by one.
The lion counts not when he thins the herd.
On you, brave chiefs! Pizarro's glory rests.
So propt, it tow'rs to heav'n—haste, friends! lead forth
Your separate charges.

Alv. Sir, we shall not yield
At the first onset. *(Alv. and Ben. go.)*

Piz. (to the Guard) Haste, bring Zama hither.
Oh! Juan!—Juan!

Oh they have murder'd thee, thou more than brother,
Or ne'er at this dread hazard, when success
Hangs on a swift-wing'd moment, had'st thou, Juan!
Thus slowly linger'd. *(Zama enters.)* Was it ever known
That one whose life was sacred, one who bore
The flag of hallow'd truce within thy walls
Was ever murder'd?

Zama. Ye have frequent sent
Men, fraught with bitter menace. These have ever
Return'd uninjur'd; ours, that merely claim'd
What first ye deign'd to proffer, back return'd
No more.

Piz. But were the terms of direst import,
Such as would rouse swift passion, and excite
Horror, and indignation, and revenge?

Zama. We are not apt to flame with rage—

Piz. If Cuzco
Beheld beneath yon temple's sacred walls
A daughter of the Sun, and o'er her breast
The quivering dagger gleam, in act to strike;

Would not thy race, to rescue her from death,
Resign the fort, and hail with grateful shout
The foe that spared her life?—
Zama. A crime so fell
Would draw down fire from heaven.
Piz. Thou art the victim.
And I—*(Zama kneels)*—Kneel not to me: beneath yon walls
Urge thy request. Thy race are prone to pity.
A father, and a husband will avert
The threaten'd vengeance.
Zama. They will do their duty.
A daughter of the Sun now bends before thee,
Who ne'er has bow'd the knee to mortal man:
And if thy bosom yet retain a sense
Of human feeling, thou wilt grant my pray'r.
Piz. Thy life depends on them—
Zama. 'Tis not to live.
Of life I have no hope. I urge no pray'r
That thou, Pizarro! may'st not fitly grant.
Oh! it will sooth a father's bleeding heart,
And seem like show of solace to his tears,
That they are shed upon his daughter's corse.
He is a time-worn man, bow'd by long grief,

And ere he close my last sad rites, he too
Will rest with me. He is a holy man;
And heav'n till now has smiled upon his prayer.
Grant this, he may forgive thee. Dread his curse.
Grant this, and if indulgent heav'n will hear
The cry of one that for her murderer pleads,
Pangs less severe in death's dread hour shall rack
Thy struggling spirit.

(Juan enters.)

Juan. Haste! Pizarro! haste.
Zamorin scorn'd me: forced me back unheard.
Summon Villoma: in his presence doom
His child to perish.

(A Spanish Chief enters.)

Spaniard. As the gale comes on,
An intermingled noise of neighing steeds,
And troops that shout to battle, mark the advance
Of fierce Almagro's force.

Piz. Alvarez! haste:
Lead forth my chosen guard: and, if avail
Or skill or courage, yet a while delay
Their furious onset.—Zama! to the fort.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene changes to the Fort.

Zamorin and Almagro in a Watch-Tower on the Top of the Rock.

Zam. Look o'er yon rising mound—again they rally;
Firmly they stand, as men resolved to die,
Not yield at the first charge.

Alm. No more detain me.
Ye saved my life: for you my blood shall flow.
Mine, mine to face the danger; yours, alone
The fruits of victory.

Zam. On either wing
They hem them round, and bear down all before them.
Lo! from your numerous squadrons once again
Their routed lances fly.

Alm. Another troop
Rush from the camp. The men who fled but now
Turn back on their pursuers. Steed on steed
Confus'dly clash, and mix in doubtful fight.
I will not tamely see my warriors slain;——

Detain me not—this arm shall turn the battle:
I, I will rescue Zama.

Zam. No. Brave knight!
My word is pledged. I trust the event to heav'n.
But no false word shall stain Zamorin's lip.

(A trumpet is heard.)

'Tis he. 'Tis fierce Pizarro. To these walls
Swift he advances.

(Pizarro, Juan, Zama, Herald, Soldiers, enter.)

Herald. Villoma! yield the fort; or now thy child
Bleeds in thy sight. Peruvians! yield the fort!
Or now the sacred daughter of the Sun
Pollutes with blood your consecrated walls.

(Villoma, Zamorin, Almagro, Peruvian Chiefs, People, &c. rush to the lower rampire.)

Vill. My child! my child!

Zam. Sustain me now, oh Sun!
Gift me with strength not mine! Remember, chiefs!
Your solemn vow. Keep back the maddening throng.

Piz. (standing over her, with his drawn dagger) Consent—or now she dies——

Vill. Oh, good Pizarro!
Draw back the steel. The fort, the fort is thine.
It is thy wife, Zamorin! hear, Peruvians!
Her blood be on your head! the Sun's pure blood!
By these grey hairs! I kneel to you, my children!
Oh spare a wretched father! spare my age!
I have but her—— *(he faints away.)*

Zam. Convey him from the walls.

Chiefs. *(to Zamorin)* Release us from our oaths!

People. Oh, horror! horror!
Come on—force back the bars. *(To the chiefs)*
Resist us not——
Pizarro! sheath thy blade! We yield the fort.

Piz. Haste, soldiers! fix your standards on yon walls.

Zama. There is no other aid. Zamorin! turn
(Going to stab herself, is prevented by Pizarro.)
Thy eyes away——Oh! feeble arm!

Piz. This, this
Shall slay thee—if these gates——
(As he is going to stab her, a shout is heard.)
Almagro!—Victory—victory—Almagro!
(Orgognez rushes in with his conquering army.)

Alm. Pizarro! free that angel, or thou diest—

Piz. (his lifted dagger over her) Nay! if thou threaten—*(Ben. and Alv. brought in, prisoners and wounded)*—Benalcazar bleeding! Thou too—*(to Alvarados)*—disarm'd!——

Alv. His forces o'ermatch'd ours;
Or he had been my prisoner——

Alm. Hear, Pizarro!
Release her, or thou diest; and these thy chiefs
Perish in lingering agonies. Restore her,
And in exchange receive their ransom'd lives.

Piz. And may I trust to thee?

Alm. (to Orgognez) Brave chief! release them——

Alv. (after he is released) Free her, or Alvarados joins Almagro.

Piz. (releasing her) Pizarro never will desert his friends.

Alm. Descend, Zamorin! and from me receive
Thy heav'n-born bride. The fort unconquer'd stands.
I, I will succour it, and crown at Cuzco
Huascar's heir.

Zam. Knight! I confide in thee.

(The gates are open, Zamorin descends.)

Zama. (embracing him) Once more, once more
on earth we shall be blest.

Zam. Thou more than mortal! kindred angels
guard thee.

Virtue like thine is Heav'n's peculiar charge.

(Villoma's voice heard behind the Scenes.)

Vill. Restrain me not——

Zama. It is my father's voice.

Vill. (bursts in from the arms of the attendant priests) Give way.

Zama. My father! Stay—he sees me not—
Wild rolls his eye on the invisible air.
The God within to his prophetic trance
Lifts up the veil of time, and points strange deeds
Ere earth has witness'd them.

Vill. (amid the Spanish chiefs) Fly! race of
blood!
If yet a lone sail flutters near the coast,
Fly! See ye not the warrior? his red arm
Wields thunder, and wing'd fires, that flash before
him,
Strew his void path. Death, death, mail'd horse-
man arms
The kindred hosts, and shouts to the under world.

Each with the other rests; slayer and slain,
Unsepulchred. The beast from the tainted chief
The corselet rends, and o'er the high-plumed helm
The incumbent vulture dips his beak in gore.
Oh earth! indignant, stifle not that cry!
It mounts from multitudes entomb'd alive.
Hark! Slavery plunged in night's unfathom'd depths,
Groans for the time, when toil shall slip its chains
An unflesh'd corse. They groan, the mountains sink
Whose arch on golden pillars tower'd to heav'n.
The vales ring hollow, where the firm globe stood
Poised on its silver base. Thou too! from far,
Drunk with Peruvian blood, howl! stranger clime,
O'erwhelm'd with freighted gold, fell as a sea
Of furnace fire. It bursts, and in its sweep
Unpeoples earth. Peru! shout, shout for joy!
He comes, the long-expected comes, the God,
The invisible, the nameless—thou Sun! rise,
And set—that sun, once ris'n to light the world,
Sets never more, but beams eternal day.

THE END.

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